SONGS, &c.

IN

MARIAN,

PRICE SIX PENCE.

Vet A5 e. 3296

SONGS,

DUETS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN

MARIAN,

A COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.

The Muſick by Mr. SHIELDS.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL) IN THE STRAND.

1794.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Henry Trueman, - - -	Mr. INCLEDON.
Edward (Lover of Marian) - -	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Oliver (Father of Marian - -	Mr. THOMPSON.
Robin (the Boatman) - -	Mr. TOWNSEND.
Jamie (a Scots ribbon merchant) -	Mr. POWELL.
Thomas - - - -	Mr. GRAY.

Marian - - -	Miſs POOLE.
Patty, - - - -	Mrs. MARTYR.
Fanny, - - - -	Mrs. ARNOLD.
Kitty, - - - -	Miſs KIRTON.
Peggy, - - - -	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

Country Men and Women, &c.

SCENE, *A Village near Lincoln----Time, from Sunrise to the Evening, late in May.*

SONGS, &c.

IN

MARIAN.

ACT I.

AIR I. *and* CHORUS.

Thomas. THE ſun gaily peeps o'er the hills,
Sweet airs from the jeſſamines blow:
Wake Robin, blithe Robin, here's three pretty maids
A tapping at your window.

Patty. Tap!

Fanny. Tap!

Kitty. Tap!

All. Here's three pretty maids
A tapping at your window.

AIR

AIR II.——*Patty.*

Now the wint'ry ſtorms are o'er,
Spring unlocks her verdant ſtore;
Smiling pleaſure crowns the day,
Sweetly breathes the bluſhing May.

O'er the daiſy-painted mead,
Now the wanton lambkins ſpread;
Ever playful, ever gay,
Fond to welcome in the May.

Now reſponſive thro' the grove,
Softer tun'd to ſpring and love,
Echo, with her ſportive lay,
Joins our carrols to the May,

AIR III.—*Marian.*

By the oziers ſo dank,
As we ſat on the bank,
And look'd at the ſwell of the billow;
This baſket he wove,
As a token of love,
Alas! 'twas the barnch of the willow.

Now ſad all the day,
Thro' the meadows I ſtray,
And reſt, flies at night from my pillow;
The garland I wore,
From my ringlets I tore,
Alas! muſt I wear the green willow!

AIR

AIR IV.—Sir *Henry*.

TO the chace, to the chace, on the brow of the hill,
Let the hounds meet the ſweet-breathing morn:
Whilſt full to the welkin, their notes clear and ſhrill,
Join the ſound of the heart-cheering horn:
What muſick celeſtial! when urging the race,
Sweet Echo repeats, "To the chace, to the chace!"

Our pleaſure tranſports us, how gay flies the hour!
Sweet health and quick ſpirits attend;
Not ſweeter when evening convenes to the bower,
And we meet the lov'd ſmile of a friend.
See the ſtag juſt before us! He ſtarts at the cry:
He ſtops—his ſtrength fails—ſpeak, my friends—muſt he die?

His innocent aſpect, whilſt ſtanding at bay,
His expreſſion of anguiſh and pain,
All plead for compaſſion—your looks ſeem to ſay,
Let him bound o'er his foreſts again.
Quick, releaſe him to dart o'er the neighbouring plain,
Let him live——let him bound o'er his foreſts again.

AIR V.—*Marian.*

TOO happy when Edward was kind,
My father agreed to our love!
No cares e'er diſorder'd my mind,
I ſung as I travers'd the grove.

Like the Lark's was each note of my ſong,
Serene were my chearful days ſpent;
Whilſt eve brought my ſhepherd along,
My ſhepherd, fond love and content.

SONG VI.—*Edward.*

Who can ſuſpect ſweet Marian's faith,
That hears her ſoftly ſpeak?
Or doubt the candid bluſh of truth
Which mantles on her cheek?

Thoſe accents never can deceive,
No guilt that boſom knows;
Pure as th' untainted breath of morn,
And chaſte as falling ſnows.

Unheeded paſs'd the dancing hours
Which ſaw our growing flame;
The grove, the dell, the fanning breeze,
The glow of noon the ſame.

But now no more the dell delights,
The grove or fanning breeze;
The taſte of Nature's genuine charms
Demands the mind at eaſe.

AIR.

AIR VII.—*Thomas.*

How bleſt our condition! how jocund our day!
Ye ſwains, can our pleaſures be told?
To range in ſweet order the rows of new hay,
To lead the ſtray'd lamb to the fold?

To fetch up the kine for the maidens we love,
And guard her from noon's burning beam;
To guide her dear ſteps, when ſhe leads thro' the grove
The heifer which pants for the ſtream!

To carry her pail, when with milk it o'erflows,
To wait while ſhe reſts on the ſtile;
To gather the King-cup the Woodbine or Roſe,
To make her a poſey the while!

'Tis Fanny, the lovely, who cauſes my ſmart,
'Tis ſhe does all maidens excel;
If you aſk her dear name who has conquer'd my heart,
'Tis Fanny the pride of the dell.
'Tis Fanny, ſweet Fanny,
'Tis Fanny the pride of the dell.

AIR VIII.—*Edward.*

Ye happy pairs, ſincere and kind,
'Tis here you taſte each joy refin'd;
Fair truth and love delight to dwell
At yonder cottage on the dell.

How ſweet dear Marian's artleſs ſighs!
Her's, the mild eloquence of eyes,
Whom conſtancy's all-chearing ray
Drives every jealous thought away.

Light as the fairy-ſtep at morn,
Swift paſſing o'er th' unbending corn;
All other pleaſures weakly move,
The heart awake to generous love.

Far hence be doubt and tender fears!
How bleſt the life which love endears!
When truth informs the glowing cheek,
O, love! thy tranſports who can ſpeak?

AIR IX.—*Robin.*

WHEN little on the village green
We play'd I learn'd to love her:
She ſeem'd to me ſome Fairy Queen,
So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With every ſimple childiſh art
I try'd each day to move her:
The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart
To give to Patty Clover.

The faireſt flowers to deck her breaſt
I choſe—an infant lover;
I ſtole the goldfinch from its neſt
To give to Patty Clover.

New

[New] AIR X.—*Sir Henry.*

PATTY flies me like a fawn,
Which, thro' ſome ſequeſter'd lawn,
Panting, ſeeks the mother deer,
Not without a panick fear
Of the gentle breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees.
O'er the cool ſequeſter'd lawn
Patty flies me like a fawn.

If the curling leaves but ſhake,
If a lizard ſtir the brake,
Frighted, it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees:
Thus alarm'd with cauſeleſs fear,
Fancy paints a lover near;
Whilſt along the dewy lawn
Patty flies me like a fawn.

QUARTETTO XI.---*Sir Henry, Edward, Robin,* and *Thomas.*

Sir Henry. TRUTH exalts the generous ſoul,
Edward. Seek him in the ſocial bowl.
Seek him, &c.

Edward. Mirth's the med'cine of the ſoul.
Sir Henry. Find him in the ſocial bowl.
All. Find him, &c.

Robin.

Robin. Carking care conſumes the ſoul.
Thomas. Drown him in the ſocial bowl.
All. Drown him, &c.

Robin. Sorrow wears the weary ſoul.
Thomas. Sink him in the ſocial bowl.
All. Sink him, &c.

Seek him
Find him
Drown him
Sink him
} in the ſocial bowl.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

QUINTETTO XII.—*Patty*, *Kitty*, *Fanny*, *Thomas*, and *William*.

YON poplars which wave in the gale,
Bid the ſwain be as active as day;
Let the poplar's example prevail,
All nature is blithſome and gay.

Patty, *Kitty*, and *Fanny*.

How ſweet is the ſong in the vale,
The ſong which makes vocal the grove!
Let the Blackbird's example prevail,
Her notes are the language of love!

Patty.

Young William is conſtant as light,
And Thomas has truth on his brow,
Whilſt Robin reſembles the blight,
Which mildews the bud on the bough.

Robin.

Falſe Patty is changeful as air,
Inconſtancy ſits on her brow,
Whilſt Robin ſtill true to the fair,
Leaves its ſweets to the bud on the bough.

Chorus.

Chorus. No longer repine and complain,
Nor fill with your murmurs the grove,
For pleaſure, ſweet pleaſure, not pain,
The fond boſom was faſhion'd for love.

AIR XIII.—*Peggy.*

KEN ye not, my blithſome bairns,
My love is Scottiſh Jamie,
Wha's lucking for a bonny chield
That's wander'd fra' his mamy!
Wander'd, &c.

O'er hill and dale, thro' bog and mire,
I gang'd along wi' Jamie,
In bonnet blue and tartain plaid
He woo'd me fra' my mamy.
Woo'd me fra, &c.

Come bring, come bring your ſiller here,
For ribbons, gartars, glaſſes:
Here's Jamie, freſh fra' bra' Dundee,
Wi' gear for *pratty* laſſes.
Gear for *pratty*, &c,

Come buy, come buy, my pratty maids,
And bring your ſiller here!
Here's Jamie, freſh fra' bra' Dundee,
Wha' brings you mickle gear.
Brings you, &c.

DUET

DUET XIV.—*Edward* and *Marian.*

Edward. MARIAN ſcorns each ſordid pleaſure,
Joys which fortune can impart:
Love alone, is real treaſure,
Treaſure of the feeling heart.

Marian. All yon fruitful vales poſſeſſing,
Were their flocks by Marian's part,
Only valu'd were the bleſſing
Giv'n to Edward with my heart;
Both. Only valu'd were the bleſſing
Giv'n to Edward with {thy / my} heart

DUET XV.—*Patty* and *Robin.*

Patty. I Heard it all behind yon trees,
My Robin only prov'd me:
No more I'll grieve, my heart's at eaſe,
I'll ſteal away--he loves me!

Robin. I was to blame to be ſo wild,
My Patty only proves me;
I ſaw her hide, ſhe look'd and ſmil'd,
I ſure believe ſhe loves me!

Patty. I'll fetch my pail and milk my kine,
Since Robin only proves me;
He ſtill is true, his heart is mine;
No more I'll grieve—he loves me!

Robin. My Patty is the ſweeteſt laſs,
Her pouting only proves me;
How gaily all our lives will paſs,
Since Patty truly loves me!

Both. I'll fetch {my / her} pail and milk {my} kine;
My {Robin / Patty} only proves me:
How blithe our days, I'll ne'er repine,
Since {Robin / Patty} truly loves me.

AIR XVI.--*Peggy.*

I CANNO' like ye, gentle Sir,
Altho' a laird ye be;
I like a bonny Scottiſh lad
Wha brought me fra' Dundee.

Haud away; Haud away!
Wi' Jamie o'er the lea,
I gang'd along wi' free gude wil,
He's a' the world to me!

I'ſe

I'ſe gang'd wi' Jamie fra' Dundee
To cheer the laneſome way:
Her cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' halth,
He's frolick as the May.
Haud away, &c.

The lavrock mounts to hail the morn,
The lintwine ſwells her throat,
But neither are ſa ſweet, ſa clear,
As Jamie's tunefu' note.
Haud away, &c.

AIR XVII.—*Marian.*

HOW can I forget the fond hour
When Edward firſt open'd his heart?
At eve, on the green, in the bow'r,
I trembled for fear we ſhould part.

You left me, dear Edward, forlorn,
When night ſent the ſhepherds to reſt;
I watch'd the firſt ſtreaks of the morn,
I ſaw you return, and was bleſt!

AIR XVIII.—*Edward.*

WITH truth on her lips ſhe my fancy form'd
A ſtranger to falſhood and art;
She charg'd me to ſpeak to the maid of my choice,
No language but that of the heart.

I heard her, obey'd, and when Marian's ſoft voice,
Mild as love, added wings to the dart;
Sincere my expreſſion, tho' ardent, I ſpoke
No language but that of the heart.

FINALE.

Sir *Henry* and *Edward.* STILL from grave to lively changing,
When the poet quits his eaſe;
O'er the wilds of fancy ranging,
How his boſom pants to pleaſe!
Still from grave, &c.

Robin. Tho' our love to one is bounded,
Love the ſmiling child of eaſe,
Yet by pretty maids ſurrounded;
How delightful 'tis to pleaſe!
Tho' our love, &c.

Patty.

Patty. Tho' I love my Robin dearly,
More than holidays or eaſe,
Yet when lads will court me cheerly,
Sure it is no harm to pleaſe,
Tho' I love, &c.

Edward. Fond I mark the ſwell of pleaſure,
When I ſee the tender dove,
Flutt'ring round his heart's beſt treaſure,
Emblem of my conſtant love.
Fond I mark, &c.

Marian. Edward's faithful heart my treaſure,
Deareſt object of my love;
Poor to me all other pleaſure,
Fondly conſtant as the dove.
Edward's faithful, &c.

Sir *Henry* and *Edward.* One ingenious paſſion fire us,
Scorning ev'ry meanor toil;
When ambitious hope inſpire us,
'Tis to meet your fav'ring ſmile.
One ingenious, &c.

Marian. If there is a joy tranſcending,
Dear as truth, content, or eaſe,
When to gain your ſmile contending,
This bright circle 'tis to pleaſe.
If there is, &c.

Chorus. If there is a joy tranſcending, &c.

THE END.